"Patronizing" the Farm

The Sort of Thing Some Professional Men Think the Proper Thing to Say : : : :

By Dean H. E. Cook, St. Lawrence University

PREACHERS, lawyers and other so-called professional people who were born in the country are everlastingly referring to the joys of their farm life, with all of its glories and beauties, its freedom and its independence, and tell how they eagerly look forward to the day when they can return to the farm.

To my mind it is nothing but gush. If they had seen the wonders and glories of the farm home and all of its possibilities, they would not have left it for the ministry, the law office, or something else that would keep them from the farm.

The chances are that they went away because the environment was objectionable to them. They simply didn't like it, and tried to find another and more congenial atmosphere. This was the correct thing for them to do; a person who does not get into pleasant surroundings will never do his best or amount to much. I don't object to this movement away from the farm, but I do decry this nonsense in the form of sentimental, patronizing generalities said to young men who are about to take up the study of agriculture. The whole thing is misleading. Young people who contemplate a study of farm problems should understand that their decision means hard, disagreeable work, about as void of the traditional "golden rule" as any business they could undertake. The work is hard, and much of it is monotonous. Of course, intelligence takes out more or less of the drudgery, but it never removes the necessity for work—plain, simple, everyday, hard work, without frills or tucks.

Then, oftentimes, these same people, after the best years of usefulness have passed, say with pride and satisfaction to the listeners, "Some time I shall surely go back to the farm and enjoy with you its pleasure," etc., etc.

Of course, we shall welcome these people as a sort of Pullman car attached to our freight train; nice to have with us, but of mighty little value in carrying the burdens and working out the problems of country life.

The men we are to look to in rejuvenating our farms and homes are the strong, husky young people, with wel balanced gray matter and good bodily functions, ready to work sixteen hours a day if need be, and guided by keen, alert minds, sensible and rational. These are the men and women who are to manage our farms as young people in the near future, and later in life to develop into leaders in the affairs of business and of government.

Country life will not be developed by an infusion of wornout professional blood, any more than small towns are built up by retired farmers who move in from the surrounding county after the farm is paid for and a living competence has been secured.

Success and Failure

Some Thoughts on the Different Kinds of What Is Called Education

By Dean H. E. Cook, St. Lawrence University

SOME men succeed and some men fail, and I wonder why it is so. I observe men failing who seem to know the technique of their business; men who can combine rations and give pedigrees galore, yet are not successful men. while those who have little of our so-called knowledge obtain a large flow of milk and possess good cows. Men can be seen upon every hand who can grow good crops but are not what are called educated men, and highly educated men fail. Why is it?

When we are ready to recognize a man as educated when he can do things successfully, we shall have gone a long way toward reconciling many a good man with school education, and when school workers have come to understand that preparation for the work one is to do must be given in school in such a manner as to be usable in business life, then we shall have given

We Need More Work Than Rest

By Professor Llewellyn F. Barker, of Johns Hopkins University

WHILE we must protect our minds by avoiding any injury to our nervous forces, still we must actively exercise our minds if we are to strengthen them and lead them to the fullest development of which they are capable. A brain and its corresponding mind will become weak if it is not used, just as surely as a muscle will waste and weaken if it has no exercise. Our minds should have suitable occupation and proper work to do. Many of the people who apply to physicians for a rest cure really need a work cure more. Properly ordered work does not hurt the mind, but helps it. There is, however, such a thing as over-exertion; it is by no means uncommon among our highstrung, ambitious, and over-conscientious people, and leads to nervous exhaustion and all the physical and mental evils which this condition carries in its train. Our efforts to strengthen the mind by exercise are defeated if we think only of the work and neglect proper nutrition and suitable intervals of rest and diversion. The strong mind is not made in haste, but results from a long, slow, and sensible training. Good sleep at night, restful recreation Sundays and holidays, enjoyable exercise in the open air are essential to it.—From Leslie's Weekly.

Blues

By Ramsey Benson

THE blues are a species of rift in the obfuscation of optimism, —an inward illumination in virtue of which we now and then get to see ourselves with some considerable particularity. The concomitant depression which gives them character with the thoughtless and gets them disliked where they deserve better things,—this is but an incident of the fallen state of man. No cheering view is discovered, and for that it is like us to blame the light.

The blues originate with the liver. This important organ does not give out its spiritual phosphorescence, however, except under certain conditions commonly coincident with our special need to look ourselves in the face; such, for instance, as when we have eaten not wisely but too Newburg.

There are various kinds of blues—navy blues, affecting those who view Captain Hobson with alarm; baby blues, following the second pair of twins, etc., etc.—Life.

Disenchantment.

"Oh," sighed little 'Rastus, rolling his eyes soulfully, "I jes' wish I was a June-bug!"

"Why for you wish dat, chile?" asked his fond mamma.

"'Cause den I fly straight to Heaben!"

"Huh!" scornfully and discouragingly rejoined mamma, "you fool nigger, doan' you know dat woodpecker ketch you-all 'fore you get half way dar?"—New York Times.

Oddly Expressed.

The following letter of gratitude for services rendered appears in a London publication: "Mr. and Mrs. Blank wish to express thanks to their friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted at the burning of their residence last night."—The New York Press.

Savings deposits in Canadian banks have reached the splendid total of $696,000,000, of which $20,000,000 was added in December and January.

THE RURAL EDITOR

The following in the National Printer-Journalist is from a poem, written by Mr. J. Dumars, and read before the meeting of the Ohio Editorial Association at its sixth annual meeting in Dayton on January 19, 1859, and republished by the Springfield, O., News. It contains thoughts and hints of interest and value to all newspaper makers even in the year of 1909:

Once on a time—so run all tale prefaces—
(I make no mention here of dates or places,)
I knew an Editor—'twas long ago.

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Forth came his paper, neatly launched and freighted
And when it came, the village was elated;
Ignoring party, in a party sense,
Avoiding all that might excite offense,
It praised the town, its prospects, its advances,
Its enterprise, resources and finances;
It praised the schools, the teachers so profound,
Until their fame was known for miles around;
It praised the village parson's eloquence,
His modest bearing, lack of all pretence;
But most his learning and his solid sense;
So it fell out, between the spring and fall,
That worthy from the city had a call,
With such an offer for his preach-ed word,
That he felt sure that call was from the Lord;
It praised the doctors as uncommon skill'd,
Adding with great suaviter and grace,
Their treatment cured more people than it kill'd;
It spoke—and of its truth some doubts will spring—
Of honest lawyers—an uncommon case.
In short, it praised so well, that people grew
To think that praise was merited and due;
It was his fault, and grew from an excess
Of aim to please and profit—nothing less;
And had been to self but half a friend
He was to others, he had met an end
That you might safely aim at and commend.

His influence was felt—the town's fair fame,
With all who read his paper, found a name;
The city pleasurists resorted there,
Enjoyed its quiet and its healthy air;
The artist came, and sketched such charming scenes,
That they were sought to grace the magazines;
And thither, too, came men of enterprise—
Blocks rose on blocks, and mills and factories,
Hotels palatial, and stores that vied
With those on Broadway, or along Cheapside,
In brief, the town, that ere the printer came,
Had scarce "a local habitation or a name,"
As though 'twere touched by magic, grew to be
An inland city.

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A bunch of bad segars, that some one sends,
Expecting thrice their value in a "local;"
Unopened invitations from his friends,
Asking his presence at a concert vocal,
Or at a lecture, party, hop or ball,
At such a date (please mention) and such Hall;
Novels and books not worth a decent rating,
Sent out—they send few others but for cash—
By eastern firms, who take that way of baiting
The country press to advertise their trash;
In short, an hundred things by men devised
To get their baubles cheaply advertised,
There, patient toiler! ever at his work,
Himself his foreman, publisher and clerk,
He labored hard—few men had labored harder—
Grew lean in person, leaner in his larder;
And still he toiled, from dawn to twilight gray,
The first of men to court—the last to pay!
Some said that he was rich—it might be true,
Provided that you reckoned what was due;
But this his dearest friends both said and knew—
His wants were many, but his dimes were few.
His paper bills came in, which must be paid,
So, to delinquents he appealed for aid;
He would take pork, potatoes, corn or oats,

His dingy office and his troubled life,
And gave to quiet earth and modest stones
His many virtues and his aching bones.
Some generous friends have built a cenotaph
Of spotless marble o'er the sleeper's breast,
On which the passer reads this epitaph:
"Here lies a man who died of too much trust!"
'Tis a plain story, rather roughly told,
Of one who trusted others and was "sold;"
By hope allured, in turn by fear assailed.
He gave credit all he had, and failed.
The moral you can draw. The Country Press
Should seek for independence—nothing less.
Ready to aid the good, sustain the wise,
Direct and counsel proper enterprise,
Revealing to the public gaze the way
Where toil may profit, and where skill will pay,
Where revenues are reaped and fortunes grown,
But should be careful to preserve its own.
The Country Press! though limited its sphere
Of influence, demands attention here,
Where it is free, the people will be free;
Where it is pure, the people will be pure,
Where shines the light, there liberty shall be;
Where it stands firm, there freedom shall endure.
In the great march of mind it leads the van,
The guard of public right, the friend of man.
Though humble toilers, they are not the least
Who sow the seed and garner for the feast;
By little means the noblest ends are gained,
By small advances victories attained.
O, humble toilers! ye who guide the press.
Though slow the progress, sure will be success.
Patient in labor, strong in hope; in faith
Outreaching time, and circumstances, and death,
Be yours the aim, by Heaven at first designed,
To raise to higher range of thought the mind,
Building amid the floods of selfish life,
The storms of passion and the waves of strife,
A fairer island in each human soul,
Where Love shall dwell, and Virtue have control,
An Eden blessed, and fairer than the old,
By poets sung, by prophet lips foretold,
The home of Innocence, Religion's shrine,
Where God may reign, and Man become divine.
Look to the sea; from out its wastes arise
Fair isles of beauty, kissed by summer skies;
Mere specks at first, they part the rippling seas,
Bald, barren rocks then rise by slow degrees,
And here extends a shoal, and there an arm,
Here swells a hill, there sinks a valley warm;
Along its beach clings fast the floating weed,
And spicy winds waft down the feathery seed;
Fair trees spring up to whisper with the breeze,
And flashing fountains leap to join the seas,
Where birds of song with sweetest music come,
And build their nests and make their happy home;
And there it stands! a glory mid the isles,

THE GOVERNMENT TO MARK CONFEDERATE GRAVES

Granite monuments are to be erected by the United States government to mark the resting places of the unidentified soldiers of the Confederate army in the cemetery at Alton, Ill., and in the Green Lawn Cemetery at Indianapolis, Ind. The bodies of 1,353 such soldiers were buried at Alton and 1,620 at Indianapolis during the Civil War. In the cases of these men it was found impossible to identify the remains of individuals and give each grave a separate distinctive headstone, as provided by the act of Congress of March, 1906. The Alton monument will be a plain shaft with an apex like the Washington Monument, and will be fifty-seven feet over all. The Indianapolis memorial will be an exedra twenty-six feet wide, about eight feet high and nine feet ten inches deep, surmounted by a plain granite shaft twenty-five feet high.

WASHINGTON NOTES

The Senate upheld, by a vote of 44 to 35, the recommendation of its finance committee by declining to reduce by quarter of a cent a pound the duty on "pig lead," thereby indicating the majority's voting strength on important tariff schedules.

Export duties on certain articles are provided for revenue raising purposes in the Philippine tariff bill, which was reported to the House by the ways and means committee.

A commission of lunacy probably will be asked for by the defense, it was announced, to inquire into the sanity of J. C. Davis, the Washington lawyer, who with his brother, M. C. Davis, was arrested here on Saturday on charges of swindling, involving nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

President Taft continues to follow his avowed policy of selecting those he considers to be the best men to fill important Federal offices, irrespective of their political faith, in sending to the Senate the nominaion of Henry Groves Connor, a Democrat, to be United States judge for the eastern district of North Carolina.

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After several hours spent in the Senate Wednesday in discussing the window glass schedule of the tariff bill, Senator Aldrich asked that that paragraph be passed over. Some other sections relating to glass manufactured articles, that previously had been passe dover, were agreed to. The Senate proceeded to the consideration of passed over sections until the iron ore paragraph was reached, when Senator Crawford spoke at length upon the lack of wisdom of any tariff that encouraged the exhaustion of natural resources, which could not readily be reproduced. He insisted that there should be no tariff on iron ore, oil, lumber and coal.

Early in the session, Senator Paynter spoke at length in favor of the removal of the duty of six cents a pound upon leaf tobacco as a means for freeing the tobacco growers from the control of the tobacco trust.

Senator Simmons offered an amendment to the window glass schedule of the tariff bill, reducing the rates below those suggested by Senaor Cummins in his amendment to the same paragraph Tuesday.

"The rates proposed by you are the rates of the Wilson bill, are they not?" inquired Mr. Aldrich, addressing the Senator from North Carolina.

"Well," replied Mr. Simmons, smiling and hesitating, "that should not be an argument against them. I think if that is the case it would rather be a commendation."

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Substantial progress was made in the consideration of the tariff Tuesday, the amendments of the committee on finance being upheld by the Senate by substantial majorities.

precipitated by Senator Scott, himself a glass manufacturer.

The schedule covering the products of lead was passed over on the suggestion of Senator Aldrich because, he said, the finance committee desires to make some changes in the duties as previously recommended.

On motion of Mr. Aldrich the section relating to soap was amended so as to place a duty of 50 per cent ad valorem on perfumed soap.

The House provision on sulphur was further amended so as to place crude sulphur on the free list and to provide for a duty of $4 a ton on refined sulphur.

Speaking in favor of a reduction of the duties on stone and earthenware as a means of giving the people generally cheaper goods of that kind, Mr. Bacon offered an amendment reducing the rate from 60 to 35 per cent ad valorem.

Mr. Bacon's amendment was defeated by a vote of 25 to 54, Senator LaFollette being the only Republican who voted in the affirmative with the Democrats.

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Almost the entire session of the Senate Friday was given up to a debate on the profits of the United States Steel Corporation and toward the end of the day, personalities were freely indulged in by Senators. This occurred after Senator Root had spoken in defense of the finance committee and in criticism of Senators who had complained of the failure of that committee to provide more ample information concerning various schedules. Mr. Money resented what he characterized as a lecture to the Senate, by Senator Root, and said if he desired less speaking in the body "he should do less of it himself."

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Mr. Simmons Wednesday, discussing the tariff addressed the Senate at some length upon the window glass industry to determine that the glass manufacturers would prosper with duties much below those provided in the pending measure.

Mr. Simmons contended that the rates of the glass schedule are too high and afford much more protection than the American manufacturers need.

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Seeking free trade in all farming implements and tools used by carpenters and blacksmiths, Mr. McLaurin, of Mississippi, offered an amendment exempting from duty fifty articles made of iron and steel, such as trace chains, hammers, screws and door hinges. The amendment was defeated on a roll-call. The vote was 52 to 22. "I see that the Reublican party is now united," said Mr. Bailey, when the vote was announced, "and I ask unanimous consent that on Monday next a vote may be taken on the income tax amendment."

Morgan and the Stutterer.

A young reporter on the New York Sun, who stuttered fearfully, was sent one day to try to get a statement from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

"Who and what are you?" demanded Mr. Morgan.

In moments of surprise or nervous excitement the reporter's stammering always became acute, so he stood with jaws locked, vainly trying to speak.

Mr. Morgan began to fume, and finally he sputtered:

"What in the devil are you?"

The reporter's sense of humor did not share the clogging up of his speech, and, after much facial contortion, he managed to gurgle out:

"I-I-I—aaaa-m an elocutionist."

Mr. Morgan saw the joke, he grimly relaxed and when the reporter's speech-consciousness returned he got the statement.—Saturday Evening Post.